

An answere to maister Smyth

Seruaunt to the kynges most royall maiestye. And clerke of the
Quenes graces counsell/ though most vnworthy.

Whether ye trolle in or els trolle out
ye trolle vntruly/ loke better about.

Where as of late two thinges ye parused
Concerning the treason of Thomas Crumwell
Undoubtedly both your wyl and your syght were confused
Lackynge a medecyne/ blyndnesse to expell
Put on your spectacles and marke it well
Than shall you see and say/ maugre your hart
That trolle in / hath played a true subiectes part

For where as trolle a way (as ye say) tolde trouth
Declaring the offences / wherein Crumwell offended
It was not the thyng / wherewith trolle in was wroth
For in that poynt / Trolle in / Trolle away commended
But this was the matre / wherfore they contended
Trolle away / vnder pretence of trollyng against treason
Praised proude popery / as appereth by reason.

And ye supporting the same / your pen runneth at large
Vololy as blynde bayerd / ye write in his defence
And in your myscheuous maner / ye lay falsly to my charge
Sayeng / who that craftely colouryth any others offence
Of lykelyhode in his owne hert / hath the same pretence
But here ye speke of lykelyhode / and so blyndly go by gesse
your fondnesse is the folpishet / and my faute is the lesse.

An hoxe beyng nothing galled / of force ye may make to kycke
With spurrng and with puckinge / more than reason wolde requyre
But if the hoxe were lustye / coragious and also quyk
ye might be the fyrst perchaunce / that might lye in the myre
As wyl as ye / haue ben drowned in their owne desyre
Shany a man / anothers mischefe / of malice wyl prepare
And yet him selfe the fyrst / that is caught in the snare.

Bycause of making stryfe (ye say) ye wyl take neither parte
But here ye breke promyse / for agaynst all reason and right
Speking with your mouth / that you thinke not with your harte
Agaynst trolle in / ye take trolle awayes parte / with all your myght
Thus all thinges lyghly that ye make / amonge them selues do fyght
Wherfore whatsoever ye write or saye / gretylly it shall not shyll
For if ye speke any thyng wylly / I thinke it be agaynst your wyl.

Ve illi per
gem scan-
dalū uenit.
Luce, xviij.

But blyndly haue ye sclaudred me / good maister Thomas Smyth
Scraping together scriptures / your madnesse to mayntayne
Truly your rude rowly reason / being so farre from the pyth
Had nede of such a cloke / to kepe it from the rayne
For all the worlde may perceyue / how falsly ye forge and fayne
yet still you aspyre your falshe / as though ye knew thinges presely
Christes blessing on your hert / forsoth ye haue done full wylly.

Ye rumble amonge the scriptures / as one that were halfe mad
Wrestyng and wythpyng them / accorpyng to your owne purpose
fayonyng and framyng them / to your sayenges good and bad
Lyke as the holy pappes / were wont to paynt their poppshe glose
Do ye take the holy scripture to be lyke a shypmans hose
Say nay / although a shypmans hose / wyl serue all sortes of legges
yet Christes holy scripture / wyl serue no rotten dregges.

¶ Counsell with some tayler / whan that ye wyte nyste
Take measure of dwynpte / before ye cut the facyon
So shall ye square your scriptures / and the better tyme your tyme
And than shall men of lernyng / commende your operacyon
But howe shulde he be connyng / that knoweth not his occupacyon
Howe shuld a cobbler cut a cote / or a smyth talt good wyne
O: how shulde you scarsely a clerke / be nowe a good deuyne

¶ What lpyng man (excepte it were you) beyng in his right wyttes
Wolde write as ye haue written / and all not worth a myte
I thinke it be some penyfull pange / that cometh ouer your hert by fyttys
Under the coloure of charyte / to worke your cruell spyte
If men wolde marke your madnesse / and beholde your deuelysh delpte
Shuld se how ye wrest y scriptures to your sayeg / not worth ii. chippes
And ioyne them all together / as iust as Germans lyppes.

¶ Whan ye haue spytte your poyson / and sayde euen the worst ye can
Than come ye in with charite / wyllyng all stryfe to cease
But surely good maister Smyth / ye speke lyke a mery man
Hoche lyke a comen pyke quarell / that stryfe wolde increase
Continually cryeng in frayes / holde / kepe the kynges pease
But those be prety peace makers / in dede for euery daye
That shyl bestowe mo strokes / than they that began the fraye.

¶ What wyse man wolde not laugh / for to here you bragge and boiste
Of your name / your scrupce / of your offyce and all this gere
As though ye were pryntose petrelle / and a ruler of the roste
By the declaring wherof / ye thinke to put poze men in fere
But your braggyng and your boistryng / shall neyther be here nor there
As longe as I may indifferently / be lured to vse my pen
ye shall neuer be able to face me out / with a carde of ten.

¶ A wyse man wolde haue prayfed god / and than prayed for the kyng
The which of their gret goodnesse / to your offyce dyd you call
And not to haue bragged therof / and than put it out in pryncyng
For ye stande not yet to sure / but it is possyble ye may fall
And though your offyce be gret / I trust your power be but small
O: els parchaunce ye wold quickly thurst a poore man amog the thornes
But god almyghty prouydeth well to sende a shrewde cow thort hornes.

¶ Christ preserue the kynges most noble grace / & sende him longe lyfe
Euen Henry the eight (next vnder god) of this church / the hed supreme
Christ preserue & kepe quene Katheryn / his most lawfull wyfe
Christ preserue Prince Edward / the very right heyre of this realme
Christ shyl ensence their noble counsell / with the influence of heauen
Christ for his tendre mercy / amende all thing that is a mys
Christ sende maister Smyth more charite / whan his good pleasure is.
¶ Amen.

¶ By me a poore man whose herte if ye knewe W.G.
Wolde be the kynges scruaunt as fayne as you.

¶ Imprinted at London by me Rycharde Bankes / Cum priuilegio ad
imprimendum solum. And be to be tolde in Pater noster rowe
by Iohn Turke / at the sygne of the Rose.

